WASHINGTON, D. C., April 12, 1850. The last Reception Evening of President Taylor. I took notes on the evening of the 21st ult. of the President's levee. I have been unable to write them out until the present time. Believing that they will be found interesting, I send you the de-

I once told you that the City of Washington was an immense hotel, filled with regular and transient boarders. I might have added, that on those nights when His Excellency, the President, receives company, the White House is the great parlor where any of the guests of the hotel are permitted to assemble, without let or hindrance. All persons putting up at the great tavern, can have

access to the public parlor.

To-night has been a reception evening—the doors of the public parlor were flung open at 8 o'clock, and the honored head waiter of all the public servants stood in his accustomed place to receive the

I shall drop the word levee, for one of the attaches of the new French Minister, fresh from Paris, informs me that it is not a proper word, and never used in the French model Republic. I shall adopt in place of it, "evening receptions."

Now, for a fair start. To-night was reception evening at the White House, and though it commenced raining as early as half-past seven, it did not stop an enormous crowd from gathering, and by nine o'clock the rooms were full to overflowing I will say, that on no "reception night," the past season, has there been such a gathering of beaut as there was to-night. There were some mos magnificent creatures there of the feminine gender both old and young. On our arrival, we proceeded directly to the President, and received as cordial a shake from his gloved right hand as any body else got, without any consciousness on his part of whose hand he was shaking; in fact, if it had been th got, without any consciousness on his part of whose hand he was shaking; in fact, if it had been th hand of an automaton, it would have been shaken with equal fervor. No sooner was this preliminary ceremony through with, (although it is not necessary to shake hands with the Prsident, unless one likes it), we sofa'd ourselves within a foot of the General, so that we could see all that was going on. It was really a curious sight to watch the expression of the faces of the strange comers, as they approached Old Zack. The eyes of the girls sparkled like diamonds, unmixed delight was visible upon their countenances, and they looked as though they really would have enjoyed the fun of giving the old gentleman a hearty kissing, particularly the whig girls, for the faces indicated to which party their papas belonged. There was any quantity of outside people. They invariably stop and turn round when they have passed and shaken hands with the President, to take another look at hum. Now and then the crowd gets jammed, and the General good naturedly informs them, "Passon, ladies and gentlemen, you will find plenty of room beyond," and then the gentlemen who have ladies with them, go on a few steps to pay their respects to Mrs. Bliss. The General kept his place by the door until a man came with a pink ribbon about his neck for a cravat, with a key attached to it. There was a lady with him. Old Zack shook hands and walked on with them to where Mrs. Betty was standing at the round table, and seemed to introduce them. This aroused our curiosity, to ascertain who the personage might be, that could make the President so particularly civil, but we could not ascertain at the moment, as those about us were no wiser than we were, and our only alternative was to ask the man himself, or seek out our uncommonly intelligent friend, who knows everybody, and who has rendered us such the first proceeding might cause a muss, and so we adopted the second, and forthwith proceed to the east room, which was a perfect jam. Luck befriended us, and

you so late?" I've been waiting for you this last century."

"Sorry for that, mon ami Jones; but I have been attending to the President, and seeing the new ceners. What's out?"

"Nothing much. Heard of McClernand's compremise, that's to be offered next week in the House, I suppose?"

"Yes, to be sure; stuff, gammon and spinage—it's no go! South won't swallow it. Besides, McClernand is the most unpopular man in the House, and for his sake alone it will be voted down, even though it might not, if it came from any othe member."

"I'll bet you drinks it will go down. It has all been talked over and concocted, by fifty of the leading members, from all sections."

"Who will vote for it?"

"There are twenty-five Northern democrats and seventeen Northern whigs who will vote for it—there are forty-two votes to begin with; and the Southern men will vote for it to a man. Howell Cobb says so."

"He be d—d! What does he know about it!

-d! What does he know "He be d—d! What does he know about it?

He is one of your men that goes for party, and—himself. If the party can only be kept together, he don't care a curse for the Union, or the interest of the Southern section. The South won't vote for it.

I say, Jones, who is that man coming this way, with a lady on his arm, and another man talking with her—the gentleman with a pink something about his neck?"

about his neck ?"

"That man, why the French minister, to be sure, and the lady, his wife."

"Is it possible ! She is a pleasant looking lady; but he don't look as though he would set Goose creek—the Washington Tiber—on fire, eh!

"No; but he may carry too many guns for John M. Clayton, our astonishing Secretary of State.

Clayton, our astonishing Secretary of State, the way, where is Clayton? Is he here to-

By the way, where is Clayton? Is he here tonight?"

"I think not. I haven't seen any of Gen. Taylor's cabinet ducks here to-night, except Preston.
Clayton is too busy to waste his time in soft nonsense. I saw him just before dark, hurrying down
F. street, from the State Department building."

"They say he is working himself to death."

"Exactly—fussing about detail work, which any
clerk could do as well as himself, if not better,
for he writes a miserable fist. He is not fitted
for an executive office, he lacks system; and,
upon my soul, if he continues in office, hard work
and other hard things will use him up. He looks,
now, like Death on the pale horse."

"I don't know anything about his looking like
Death on a pale horse, but I believe he is death on
pale brandy."

"Jones, will you go away? You have said

"I don't know anything about his looking like Death on a pale horse, but I believe he is death on pale brandy."

"Jones, will you go away? You have said enough; just leave me; I don't want any thing more to say to you to-night."

"Holy Mary, only look yonder? Who in the mame of all that is lovely and good is that?"

"Where? I Mon't see—caramba—here is an advent worth recording? An angel in white? That is no Washington girl? I must find out who she is—hold on until I come back."

The young lady who had caused such surprise, which was shared in by all the room, was indeed beautiful. She could scarcely have seen seventeen summers, and a more perfect vision of loveliness never trod the floors of the White House. Her eyes were coal black, and as soft as a gazelle's. Her hair was raven dark, and fell in long ringlets by the side of her cheeks, which were as red and healthy as a fresh blown rose. Her dress was simple white, and no ornament, save a pink ribbon for a belt. The fair, but modest stranger, seemed as timid as a young fawn, and clung to the arm of an elderly gentleman, with very striking features, who evidently seemed to be her father. All eyes were turned towards her, and, as the two strangers, father and daughter, approached Mrs. Bliss, the latter involuntary uttered an exclamation of surprise. The father was dressed in the garb of a clergyman, and, after leaving Mrs. Bliss, with whom they exchanged no words, the two passed to the rear of the round table of Mrs. B., and for a long time watched the President and his daughter, and those about them, as though the seeme was strange and new to them. Then they joined in the promenading parties, but speke to none, and no one spoke to them. Dozens of famed beauties in the Washington circles paled before this new planet, and regarded her with ill-disguised wonder.

"Well, Jones, have you found out who she is?"

"No. No one knows who they are, or where they come from. Everybody is asking the same question. Won't there is a rush to the ladies' parlors of the hotels t

best likenesses of any one in the city. He never fails to do so, if the sitter is a good looking man, or a pretty woman. He delights in perfection, for in copying it he makes himself more perfect."

"Who is that he has just joined?"

"His wife. That couple behind is King, the painter, and the beautiful brunette with him is a Miss Lamb. I wonder if she knows the kind of a man she is walking with?"

"Yonder come the Vice-President and his lady. He is a fine looking man, and his lady is a most superior woman."

"Is Seward here to-night?"

"Certainly not. But there is a lovely pup—that man with puffed red cheeks, who looks as though he was blowing against the wind."

"He has a good corporation of his own. Who is he?"

"Yes, he has, and, what's more, he knows how

"He has a good corporation of his own. Who she?"

"Yes, he has, and, what's more, he knows how to take care of it. It is the Honorable Trumau Smith—a Senator in Congress, and one of Zachary Taylor's especial favorites. Truman is pious, and used to sing psalms in the Presbyterian church, before he was vested wich the franking privilege. I don't know what he does now, but, as a general rule, psalm singng, piety and politics don't jibe well together. There is another Senator—"

"Where abouts?"

"Oh, there is two of them together, one is Levy, or Yulee, as he has Christianized his name, of Florida, and the other one, with a short neck and turned over shirt collar, is Mr. Green, of Rhode Island. Don't he think himself some pumpkins? That short gentleman conversing with a friend is also a Senator, and the husband of Mrs. John Bell. That's her walking with Morse of Louisiana."

"She is the most dignified-looking woman in the room; I don't think she'd make a bad-looking Senator herself. Who is that young man, walking with a sweet girl, now passing us I".

"He is a young man that don't often walk with anything else but a pretty girl. He is a namesake of your own, a son of General Walter Jones, one of the most respectable permanent residents of this village. I do not know the name of the young lady. By the way, Jones, do you notice that young young lady with the moustaches?"

"No, mo—hang it, man!—that young lady who is promenading with a young gentleman that is ornamenated with a moustache. Now, do you understand?"

"Yes, what of her? It is Miss Doty."

"You told me so last reception night."

"You told me so last reception night."

namented with a moustache. Now, do you understand?"

"Yes, what of her? It is Miss Doty."

"No, it's not; it's—"

"You told me so last reception night."

"Well, if I did, I told you wrong. It's Miss McWillie, a daughter of a member of Congress from Mississippi. Her father made a sound Southern speech in the House, on the 4th of March, the day Mr. Calhoun made his great speech on the same subject, in the Senate. Notice that gentleman walking with two ladies. That is Captain Hunter, who took Alvarado in the Mexican war. He is a glorious fellow, that; the mediocrities are attempting to pull him down, but it can't be did, by any Perrian pens."

"There are lots of lions here to-night."

"Of course. Some of them small, though growing fast."

"There is a very pretty girl—do you know her?"

"A Miss Wilson, and hanging on the arm of her father, who is a clerk in one of the departments. That young lady in the pink is a Miss Jarvis, a daughter of Russel Jarvis, who is just behind you. Hallo! there is Charley Stetson, of the Astor House, New York. What is he after, I wonder? That good-looking young man he is talking with, is his friend, Joseph, recently from California."

"Are there any more Californians here?"

"Any quantity. Californians are getting very common now."

"Who is that queer-looking young man, with such a saint-like looking expression of countenance?"

"What, him over by the door, with long hair and a moustache?"

"Yes."

"You've hit it exactly. Saint is the word. Some chaps have stuffed him up to the belief that he looks like our Saviour, and he is on that lay."

"There is an immense number of young men here, with moustaches—are they coming the same dodge?"

"Oh, no; their brains merely shoot out in that direction. They are either great travellers, who

"There is an immense number of young menhere, with moustaches—are they coming the same dodge?"

"Oh, no; their brains merely shoot out in that direction. They are either great travellers, who have spent their time in Europe, where it is the custom for officers of the army and navy to wear them; or they are attached to the foreign legations. The foreign legation business will do. Count them as that. The fact is, our officers have a right to wear them; but they are getting so infernally common, that Crawford—who wants something to do that he can stand on—should issue orders from the War department to abolish the custom."

"There are an enormous quantity of strange faces here to-hight. Where do they come from?"

"From everywhere. They are the transient boarders of our Washington tavern. There aint so many white kids here to-night, as usual. Where are your own?"

"Mine; they've got soiled, and I don't do as many do—come here in dirty kids. New whites every reception night are outrageously expensive. I can't stand a dollar for every go."

"Why don't you do as all the knowing oneshere do? There is a place down near the old theatre where you can get'em cleaned for a bit, and then they will be as white as new ones."

"I'm your man. Where's the place? I'll go there to-morrow."

"Ross & Smith, young and talented African barbers; close by the old theatre, in Maher square."

"Well, it's getting on to ten. What do you say to making a move?"

"Hold on a bit. There is any quantity of letterwiters here to-night. Do you know what old Benton says about them? He says he don't keep

"Well, it's getting on to ten. What do you say to making a move?"

"Hold on a bit. There is any quantity of letter-writers here to-night. Do you know what old Benton says about them? He sayshe don't keep any w—about him in the shape of letter-writers."

"Old Bullion is down on them, aint he?"

"Rayther so. But that's a game that two can play at; and my own opinion is, that in the end, the old humbug of Missouri would get the worst of it. There are many men of superior ability to him, with all his pomposity—gentlemen by birth, manners, and education, who earn an honest and respectable living by their brains, and whose consciences have never been seared by committing an unpunished robbery or murder; and who can write old Benton out of his boots, if they ever think the game worth their powder and shot."

"Come, let us be off, and go down to the Irving and get our supper grub."

"Acceed, with all my heart. Good night Me.

and get our supper grub."
"Agreed, with all my heart. Good night, Mr.
President."
RABELAIS.

Washington, April 16, 1850. Webster and Nominations-Extracts from a Recent Letter of M. Poussin, late French Minister in Washington-Reciprocal Trade with France-Re cognition of Hungary by Mr. Clayton.

Mr. Webster's reply to the Boston letter is very much admired. Some of the timid whirs, who know that Mr. Webster is right, but are too selfish to follow him, begin to open their eyes, and to sus pect that his plan, after all, is not only a plan for settling the slavery question, and restoring harmony to the nation, but also the only means of reaching the great questions of universal importance—such as the tariff, the building a railroad or a cana

to more to say to you fought.

Holy Mary, only look yonder! Whe is the more to say to you fought.

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Holy Mary, only look yonder! Whe is the more to say that it is to you fought.

Holy Mary, only look yonder! Whe is the more to say that you have to you fought the properties of the properties

(Kent, of Maine) belongs to the same category. Nothing has given Seward so much power as the belief that he was the dispenser of the government patronage; nothing will so much perplex him, and arrest his iniquitous career, as the fact that his breath is mortal to all he touches.

I extract here, from a recent letter, written by M. Poussin, late minister from France to the United States, to a gentleman in this city, a couple of paragraphs, on which no one is better able to comment than yourself:—

"I regret very much my so short a stay among you, on account of my intended efforts to make the two countries (France and the United States) understand their real interests, so as to place their commercial relations on a fair principle of reciprocity. I had prepared all my materials for that great result. I have addressed to the French Government an elaborate report on the subject, in which I show that it is the interest of France to open her ports to the rich and abundant productions of our *(!) Western States, to provide her large population with a more abundant supply of food, particularly of the meat kind, so scarce in France. I shall continue to exert my influence to bring about that important change in the system of the French tariff; trying to show them that the more a country seeludes itself from the neighboring nations the more it grows poor, whereas, on the contrary, the more a nation traffics with foreign countries, by a fair exchange of its productions, the more it grows rich.

"My recall by the President (of the republic) was known to Mr. Clayton, by letters he received from Paris; he therefore, had the merit of doing what were the wishes of the President. (Louis Napoleon."

"I never had a doubt but 'that Mr. Clayton while he disliked Mr. Poussin, had a strong desire to make himself agreeable to the Prince."

A great parade is now being made by the administration prints as to instructions given by the State department in regard to the recognition of Hungary. She was to be recognised as a nation, after she

. You see that Mr. Poussin still claims to be an Ame rican citizen.

WASHINGTON, April 16, 1850.

Enlargement of the Capitol.

The Committee of Public Buildings of the Senat have had under consideration, for some days, the subject of the enlargement of the Capitol. The extension of the Union-the increase of our popula-tion-the vastly increased and extending facilities of travel, affording the medium of a cheap and easy communication with the Federal City, thus bringing thousands of visiters constantly in to witness the debates, demand increased accommodations; but, above all, the immense increase of the public business imperatively calls for more room. The present Senate chamber, as far as the ac-

commodations for the public are concerned, is but

The present Senate chamber, as far as the accommodations for the public are concerned, is but little short of a nuisance. By hard squeezing, some three hundred people may be crowded into the pinched-up galleries, when, very often, there are three thousand turned away from the doors.

The hall of the House is sufficiently commodious—the galleries will accommodate three thousand people. It is a splendid chamber—large enough for the House and the public; but it is constructed in violation of the principles of acoustics, for there is such a confusion of sounds from the echoes of the hall, that it requires the strongest and clearest voice to be heard above the undercurrent of conversation. And it is a fact that, while in some positions in the hall a man splitting his lungs to be heard by the Committee of the Whole, cannot be understood by his neighbor ten feet off, a whispered conversation on the extreme of the other side of the house is distinctly audible. Hence the necessity of a new chamber, adapting it, as far as possible, to the principles of sound, and avoiding the innumerable echoes of the present hall.

The Capitol, as it now stands, has cost about \$1,225,000 for the building alone. It consists of a central building, and two wings, the whole length of which is 352 feet. The architect of the public buildings, Mr. Robert Mills, a man of genius, taste, and long experience, has been called before the Senate Committee, and the plans, drawings, and explanations which he has presented are under consideration.

He proposes to add an additional wing to the north end of the Capitol, for the accommodation of the House. The proportions of each of these wings are to be 100 feet north and south, 240 feet east and west, equal to the depth of the central building. Each of these wings are not only intended to embrace the object of a new chamber for each House, but the necessary accommodations for the people, for committee rooms, &c.: and, besides, there are many alterations proposed in the existing parts of the building, suc

The architect proposes also to extend the east colonnade, at a cost of \$20,000, and to enlarge (after the style of St. Peter's at Rome) the central dome, to the extent of a cost of \$350,000. These alterations, however, being matters of ornament, can be dispensed with; but, if the government is to stay here, the two wings proposed are indispensable, and the plan of the architect preserves the uniformity of the edifice, while it very much enhances its majesty and beauty.

The Galphin Claim-The Outsiders-The New York Fire men and Old Whitey.

The Union being considered convalescent, and out of all immediate danger, the politicians begin to turn their attention to the incidental clap-trap of the cabi-net, and the whig and democratic parties. The demo-cracy are rallying again upon Gen. Cass, and they have him now, standing by the side of Henry Clay in a very good position. The whigs are disorganized, and having nothing to rally upon, they are actually contribut ing something to the exposure of the Galphin enormity, called by a friend of old Zack, in our hearing, to day, the damnation of the cabinet, but the salvation of the whig party." His idea was transparent. He

A Letter from Patrick Henry.

[We insert the following letter, which we re-Southerner, but, owing to the crowded state of our columns, its publication has been delayed. Believing that it will be read with great interest, we now

publish it without further comment.]

WASHINGTON, March 21, 1850.

There is an atmosphere of gloom, which seems to surround the capitol, and it pervades the minds of the Southern members. It arises from many causes, not the least of which is the very critical situatio of the great master spirit of the South.

This is one of the towelest spring mornings of the capitol are faily armyed neep green. The the capitol are faily armyed neep green. The cheerful is the inside of the capitol, "There is another building, east of the capitol, "There is a nother building, east of the capitol, "There is a nother building, east of the capitol, "There is a nother building, east of the capitol," there are in the burning of Washington, and prior to the erceion of the present structure. In that old pile, in the capitol, the capitol is the capitol of the capitol is the capitol in the capitol is capitol in the capitol is capitol in the capitol is capitol in the capitol in the capitol in the capitol is capitol in the capitol in the capitol in the capitol is capitol in the capitol in the capitol in the capitol in the capitol is capitol in the capito

good, easy sort of people that have believed this ghost story; which I need hardly add, is a notorious lie, originating in the brain of a drunken letter-writer-loaler about Washington, with whom no decent man would associate, and who never has been in the house where Mr. Calhoun resides, this session; or while he has been in it. As for meeting him at breakfast, or anywhere else, near the time stated, it is impossible, for Mr. Calhoun has not taken a meal in the public room this year. There is not the slightest foundation for this dream story, and I must confess my astonishment that any respectable paper shold publish it.

I am authorized to contradict this absurd story, and to say that there is not one particle of truth in it. I now do so through the Herald, and hope such papers as have published this wholesale fabrication as truth, will see fit to publish this denial.

PATRICK HENEY.

WASHINGTON, April 14, 1850.

The Departure of the Committee with the Remains of the

The Departure of the Committee with the Remains of the Late Clerk to Tennessee—The Funeral Sermon, &c. Mr. T. J. Campbell, late Clerk of the House, died at his todgings, on Capitol Hill, on Saturday morning at one o'clock. The House had adjourned over on Friday to Monday, so that there could be no proceedings, effi-cially, of respect to the memory of deceased in the in-terval. Without awaiting for the meeting of the House, the friends of the decased resolved immediately to take his remains to his family residence at Athens, in East

At six o'clock this morning, the friends of deceased, the officers of the House and Senate, the Speaker of the House, and a namber of members among them, assembled at the house of the deceased, and after a short funeral service over the coffin, it was placed in the hearse, and the company, in a line of carriages, followed it to the Southern boat, en route for Tennessee, via Charlesfon. The body was secured in one of Fisk & Raymond's patent metallic cases, one of the most beautiful inventions of the day. Hermetrically scaled, taking up the smallest possible space to the shape of the body, and enclosing it in their drapery of bronse, these cases are at once portable, strong and tasteful. softening the austerly of death under the classical disguise of the folds of a golden mantle.

Hon. Mr. Anderson, from the district of deceased, Mr. Campbell, a son of deceased, and Mr. Hart, a friend of the young man, accompany the remains to the home of the bercaved family in Tennessee.

At eleven o'clock, to-day, in the hall of the House, the Rev. Mr. Gurley, Chaplain, preached the funeral sermon of the late useful and faithful Clerk. Though sixty years of age, he was a man of remarkable activity and industry to the day of his confinement to his bed, a week ago. The reverend Chaplain appropriately discoursed of the fidelity of the deceased to his duties as a pulic officer and a private citizen. Simple and temperate in his habits, scrupulously honest and attentive to business plain and practical in his manners and address, if he did not command an enthusiastic admiration, he won a universal respect.

In consideration of his official position, of his character, and of his having been heretofore a member of the House, we expect that there will be an adjournment to-morrow, in respect to the memory of the decased.

Great Speech of Jemmy Maher, the Irish Public Gardner at Mashington, on the Tennessee.

At six o'clock this morning, the friends of deceased,

hope government will not refuse me such a contract. Suppose we have one or two thousand rotten sheep in the flock; is that any reason why the whole flock should be rotten? If there are any among us, we should go to work and cure them. I believe gunpowder tea is as good a cure as any other. I go in favor 'of every State regulating its own affairs, as was intended by the constitution of the United States. Don't let us deviate a link from it. Live as we always have lived, in peace, useful; and in war, a terror. Who are the bone and sinew of this mighty republic? I fle farmer, the laborer and the mechanic. They have to work for all, pay for all, and fight for all, and when occasion requires it, I hope they will not be deficient of a Washington, a Jackson, or a General Taylor, that never surrendered. There is one glorious thing in this mighty republic. If we lose a few Generals in battle with any power, every true American is a General within himself. For instance, the other day, when the brave Butler, Ringgold and Shields fell in battle, were there not others to fill their ranks? Why not! did not Washington, Warren, Montgomery and Lafayette set them the example? Are not they fighting for their homes, their families, and for what the constitution has guarantied them—cqual rights, equal laws, and equal privileges! I am satisfied that there are spies in this country in disguise. I have met some of them myself, but it was in a time of peace. If it had been in war time, I would have volunteered to hang a millstone around their necks, and if not to send them down to the bottom then, to the other side of the big waters. There are spies and mischief-makers. Look out. I hope that there is no republican which can be either bought, bribed or corrupted. I am convinced that the slaves in this country eat more bread and beef, and drink more tea and coffee, than the working population of England, I reland and Socoland. If a slave is sick he has a physician to attend to him. It's the interest of the owner that it should be so. If

BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION OF RHODE ISLAND.—
The State Convention of the Baptists in Rhode Island met at Providence, on Tuesday last. The following preamble and resolution were presented by Professor Caswell, of Brown University, and adopte with but one dissenting voice:—
Whereas, This Convention has learned with deep regret that some of the officers and friends of the American and Foreign Bible Scolety, in the city of New York, have it in contempistion to publish, under the auspices of said society, a revised, and so-called, improved translation of the Holy Scriptures—therefore.

Resolved, That, in the judgment of this Convention, such publication is uncalled for, and eminently inexpedient, and, under existing circumstances, could not but be productive of harm to the very best interests of religion throughout our churches.

Mr. Francis E. Prevaux was ordained an evangelist, and, it is understood, will soon sail as a missionary to California, under the patrouage of the Baptist Home Missionary Society.

Counterfeiter Arrested—New Banks—The Opera—
Pearson and Webster.

Our city has lately been flooded with counterfeit bills on various banks, and particularly on the Rockingham Bank, of Portsmouth, N. H. Great efforts have been made to ascertain the source from whence these counterfeits issue; and, amongst other business of the same sort, the police have kept close watch on the movements of one

Our Boston Correspondence.

amongst other business of the same sort, the police have kept close watch on the movements of one Samuel Caswell. This forenoon, officers Clapp and Starkweather pounced on Caswell, in Washington street, and found on his person quite a number of the bogus bills, which, however, were very badly executed. In the police court, this afternoon, he was examined, and bound over for trial in Account.

in \$300.

A number of new banks are about going into operation in this city. The largest will be the Bank of Commerce, with a capital of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Bank of North America will commence with a capital of half a million. The Haymarket Bank will be located near the Maine railroad depot, where farmers, and dealers in horses, hay &c., mostly rendezvous.

The Italian Opera company, under the direction of Max Maretzek, have been at the Howard Athenaeum for several weeks, and have done an excellent business. Truffi is as attractive as ever, and the young and interesting Amalia Patti has become quite a favorite.

The newspapers have given various explanations of the "student story," but they have all, so far, shot wide of the mark. The time has not yet come when this mystery should be unravelled before the public gaze. There are good reasons why it has been kept in the dark; but the day will be, undoubtedly, when some very singular facts will be divulged, relating to the proof of Dr. Webster's guilt. I am governed in my belief of this by the serious and confidential statements of men whose standing and reputation would not allow others to be thus deceived, nor be themselves laboring under a delusion in the matter.

I learn this evening, from a reliable source, that the Governor and Council have decided not to commute the punishment of Daniel H. Pearson, recently convicted of the murder of his wife and two children, and that the day has already been set for his execution.

If Pearson is hung, Webster will surely follow. Indeed, there is little doubt existing here, that the full penalty of the law will be visited on Professor Webster.

The Newspaper Business.

as a pulse offere and a private citine. Simple and temperate in his babits, acrupiously honest and attentive to business, plain and preatiest in his manners and the process of the state of the process of the process of the state of the process of the state printing processes; it is placed on the cylinder as it comes from the paper maker, but so certain and regular is the pressure, that the impression on this dry paper is equal, if not superior, to that obtained upon damped paper in the ordinary way. There is an index affixed to the machine, to indicate the rate at which it goes, by the number of sheets thrown off. When the continuous sheet, equal to two thousand copies of a journal, is exhausted, the cylinder is replaced by another, and so on. It is said that as many as fifteen thousand copies of a journal can be printed in an hour by this machine. The gentlemen who witnessed the process on Saturday expressed their admiration of it, and could see no defects which a very little practice will not remove. The great advantages of this new invention are, economy in the outlay for the machine, the cost of which is only 25,000 fr., while the machine of the Patric, which has excited so much notice, cost 60,000 fr.; the immense saving in type, for the type itself, being used only for the sterotyping process, undergoes scarcely any wear, and, instead of renewing a fount every year, twenty years' service by this process could scarcely reduce the sharpness of the letters; economy in labor, and rapidity of execution, almost without the possibility of delay from any derangement in the machine.

THE NEWSPAPER FOLDER.

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THE NEWSPAPER FOLDER.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

Many will remember the announcement, a year or more since, that a machine for folding newspapers had been invented in Springfield. A variety of circumstances have conspired to prevent its being brought into use until now. Important improvements have been effected in the invention, since the original conception, and it has this week been attached to our steam power press. It does its work excellently well, far exceeding our anticipations of its practicability and utility, and folly equalling those of its sanguine friends. The machine is itself a very ingenious and beautiful piece of workmanship. It is compact, occupies but comparatively little room, and is operated by the same power that carriers the press, and therefore operating with equal speed.

The sheet passes from the press into the folder by bands, and after passing through the several folds, it is then thrown out at the side, compactly and neatly folded, all ready for the carrier or the mail man. No description of the operation would be intelligent to the reader, without a diagram. Knives give the direction to the folds, which are perfected by rollers, and the sheet is carried from one knife to the other by bands and cog wheels. It performs quite a circuitous journey in the operation, but comes out at last as perfect and good as new.

The machine folds just as fast as the press feeds,

new.

The machine folds just as fast as the press feeds, and can undoubtedly be made to fold 4,000 an hour as readily as 1,500 to 2,000, which is the rate our

of the benefit of this invention to newspaper publishers, they alone can best judge. It is something absolutely demanded by the position which the newspaper enterprise of the country has assumed within the past few years, and illustrates the truth of the saying that no sooner does man in the progress of art and the developement of enterprise find a want unsupplied or an obstacle in his path, than invention steps in and supplies the lacking necessity or removes the hindering obstacle.

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THE COST OF REPORTING.

[From the London Atlas.]

One cause of the monopoly enjoyed by leading newspapers is, that the enormous capital they are compelled to employ precludes rivalry. The parliamentary reports alone cost nearly £100 (\$500) a week for the mere payment of the reporters. [Our telegraphic Congressional reports cost nearly \$600 per week, and our foreign news despatches cost over \$700 each steamer. In a few days they will cost that sum per week, or about \$2 per word for every word received.—Ed. N. Y. Herald.] In like proportion is the expense for the law and general reports. The foreign correspondence is also an enormous item of expense. A large fortune must be risked before a daily newspaper can even have a chance of success. Mr. Tomlins proposes that the reports should all be taken by authorized government reporters, for whose manuscript the papers who take it must pay. In like manner, he would have foreign intelligence conveyed from the government to the newspapers. To these latter suggestion there are grave objections. The daily newspapers have already more than once contemplated an amalgamation of their reporters, by which one staff, costing £120 a week, would do the work of five or six at £500 or £600 a week. Some of the daily papers already divide the expense of law reporting amongst them.